

Title: Battling the Ancient Wyrm

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Hello friend! In my position as house scribe to Lord Raven I hear many interesting tales. Here is one of my favorites:

... Lord Thorn wipes the Deamon blood from his blade. Eyeing the trees carefully he nudges Valor along the narrow pass at the south end of Deamon Alley. The warhorse whinnies nervously and Thorn readies his sword and draws his shield across his chest. A low rumbling comes from the trees ahead. Thorn realizes an Ancient Wyrm has come out of the cave and is taking a drink of water along the shore. A Deamon also lurks near the rocks. "This may be difficult." Thorn whispers to his trusty steed. Attracting the attention of the Deamon without dragging over the Wyrm is a challenge so Thorn uses his years of training to execute an exact military maneuver. He tosses a chicken leg and smacks the Deamon squarely on the side of the head. As the Deamon heads towards him, the Wyrm slurps at the water with it's massive tongue, undisturbed. Thorn leads the deamon around the rocks and dispatches it quickly. Realizing that

his weapon is unsuited  
for the Wyrm, Lord  
Thorn heads to the gypsy  
camp and retrieves a Soul  
Seeker. Returning to  
make a stand against the  
Ancient Wyrm, Thorn sees  
that another deamon is  
over near the water.  
Realizing that he has no  
chance of dispatching  
both, he quickly returns  
to Lord Raven's house to  
summon help.

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Lord Raven closes a book  
on Pirates and hears the  
loud clatter of hooves  
coming up the stairs.  
Stepping onto the  
teleporter he comes  
face-to-face with Thorn  
and is told of the  
monstrous beast. Ignoring  
Thorn's pleas to  
accompany him, Raven  
instructs Thorn to find  
Splinter and teleports to  
the Haven Moongate.  
Spurring Ginseng on Lord  
Raven races through Rat  
Alley ignoring the scores  
of ratmen and brigands  
that shout challenges to  
him. Crashing through the  
trees he munches on an  
orange petal and begins  
to say the words that  
have brought him so many  
victories. Vas Corp Por!  
Advancing carefully he  
targets an open area  
near the Ancient Wyrm  
and drops two energy  
vortexes. As their energy  
dissipates he repeatedly  
blasts the monstrous  
beast with every spell  
combination he can  
summon. Many times the  
massive creature was  
close to death, however  
it's beastly mind also had  
knowledge of magery and  
it would heal itself again  
and again. As the battle  
rages the giant beast

repeatedly grazes Raven's armor with it's rows of daggar like teeth. Wiping the sweat from his brow, Raven hears the sound of hoves fast approaching. STOP! DO NOT COME NEAR! Raven shouts, hoping to save some innocent passerby from a horrible death... but a flash of white armor and the whizzing of arrows brings a smile to the old mages face.

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The patrons and particularly the barmaids at the tavern were admiring the comely young lad in the shiny white armor. He spun tales of battles with Dragons and Titans. Outside a commotion as the pounding of horses hooves came up to the door. Startling the drunken patrons, Lord Thorn came crashing through the door, kocking one off it's hinges. Breathing heavily from the exertion of the long ride Thorn gasped... Raven... Ancient Wyrm... Deamon Alley.... GO HELP! Needing no further instruction, Lord Splinter grabbed his bow from the chair and ran thru the door, jumping onto the back of his trusty steed Honor he tore off towards Deamon Alley. After a hard ride Thorn came into the dreaded place and heard the roars of the mighty dragon and the chanting of spells from his long time friend, Raven. Notching arrow to bow and spurring Honor on he let loose a mighty cry... FORUL SOLUM! As he rides past Raven he notices the fingers of his old friend are charred and smoking from the

incredible powers he has unleashed at the beast. Splinter cries out, "Take relief my Lord, I shall take up the fight!" The first of many arrows sails towards the scaly hide of the mighty beast, striking with the force of true aim and strength. The Wyrm shudders and turns towards Splinter, roaring and casting fire from its eyes. Unable to distract the beast with energy vortexes and other tricks of magery, Lord Splinter relied on his war horse Honor to provide a steady ride and to keep him close enough to maintain effective fire while escaping the gaping jaws of the dragon. Again and again firing arrows at close range the skilled archer drains the monster of its strength and life.

A final arrow pierces the throat of the mighty beast and it collapses heavily to the ground... letting out one last long growl as life escapes its lungs.

Thorn and Raven ride out of the valley... they can hear the roars of the Deamons but are approached by none. Perhaps the evil beasts have decided it's best not to mess with those that kill the Ancient Wyrm.

THE END